"TURKEY ACTRESS"

A pretty little Thespian said to me the other day.

"I must look out for a turkey job for Christmas."

"Why, what do you mean?" I queried.

"What, haven't you heard of 'turkey actors'?"

"I know plenty of actors who are geese, and a few actresses who are ducks," was the reply.

"Oh, dear, no! Turkey actors are those who only get an engagement for Thanksgiving or Christmas or New Year's."

"And how long can they live on that?"

"Well, it's better than nothing. I engaged for twenty dollars and expenses last Christmas to play Alida Bloodgood in 'The Streets of New York.' Oh, what an experience!"

"Come in here," quoth I, "and over a brimming bumper of chocolate or a wild wassail of tea, tell me all."

And as we lunched together she told me this:

"They sent for me from a dramatic agency, said the money was sure and almost any dresses would do. Alida is the daughter of a banker in the play, but they said that in the town where we were to perform on Christmas night they wouldn't know the difference. However, I fixed up three changes without spending a cent.

"We were all to meet the manager at the ferry in Jersey City. He didn't

"I WANT GREENBACKS."

appear, but sent a message that he'd see us in the town.

"We all paid our fares—I had forty cents left—and reached the place pretty well disgusted.

"At the hotel they viewed us suspiciously, as we had no trunks, and there we learned that the matinee had been abandoned, no seats having been sold.

"We had a rehearsal instead, and it was six o'clock before I staggered into the hotel, only to learn that we couldn't have any supper unless we paid for it individually.

"I sent word to our manager that I had no money and shouldn't play without my supper.

"This brought him to my door in a hurry. He knocked, and entered with a surprised air.

"'Why, my dear,' he said, 'there's some mistake.'

"'I think there is,' I replied, spiritedly. 'If I don't have any supper I don't go on.'

"'Why, that'll be all right, my dear. We'll go out together, and you shall have supper with me.'

"And he laid his arm affectionately on my shoulder.

"I gave him a good push, and he fell up against the door. Oh, how angry he was!

"'What are you doing?' he shouted.

"'Rehearsing you in the character of a gentleman,' said I, 'and you won't suit.'

"He went out and banged the door, but a very nice supper came up to me later. Still I remembered the gleam of hate in his eyes and was on my guard.

"We had a very good house that night and felt a little encouraged. As I stood looking out of the peephole in the curtain, the property boy brushed against me.

"'Beg pardon,' he said, hurriedly, 'but I've been workin' so hard an' nothin' to eat so that I'm as weak as a rat. I've had no supper.'

"'You shouldn't go without your supper,' I said.

"'I ain't got the price.'

"I gave him half of my forty cents.

"'Go out and get a cup of coffee and a sandwich.'

"He took the money with a grateful look and disappeared.

"The play went on. So did he, for that matter, for he played two parts, poor little soul!

"At the end of the third act he knocked at my dressing room door.

"'Say, you're Miss Hallett, ain't yer?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I got somethin' I want to say to yer on the quiet.'

"I finished dressing and came out.

"'You certainly was good to me,' he said with a grin, 'an' now it's turn about.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Just this. The boss—the manager, I mean—just sent me up to the hotel to get five dollars changed into pennies an' nickels an' ten cent pieces.'

"'Well, what has that to do with me?'

"'Plenty! He's a-makin' up salaries out front in the office, an' he's a-laughin' with another feller. He's going to pay you your salary in pennies an' nickels an' dimes.'

"'I don't believe it.'

"'Well, you can. I heard him tell the other feller, an' they think it's a great joke. He's down on you for some reason or other. Don't gimme away.'

"And so he disappeared again.

"So this was the manager's contemptible revenge.

"Twenty dollars in nickels and pennies!

"I called the stage manager.

"'Don't ring up the curtain, Mr. Clarke,' I said, 'for I shan't go on until I get my salary.'

"'But, my dear what I said,' was my rejoinder, as I went back to my dressing room.

"I thought of Patti refusing to put on her slippers until poor old Mapleson had produced $4,000—how she got two thousand, simply put on one slipper and waited.

"Heavens! Suppose they had paid her in nickels and pennies!

"The manager came dashing back.

"'What's this, Miss Hallett?'

"'I want my salary.'

"'Salaries will be paid immediately after the performance.'

"'Mine must be paid now or the performance will not be finished.'

"In awkward position he drew a newspaper package from his overcoat pocket. It seemed heavy, and I heard the clink of coin.

"'Awful lot of silver tonight,' he said, as he handed me the parcel.

"I dropped it scornfully.

"'I want greenbacks,' I said firmly.

"'But I haven't——'

"'Greenbacks or no performance,' I repeated calmly.

"You should have seen his face!

"You should have seen the property boy contorting himself with delight behind a 'set house.'

"With the 'smothered curse' of the melodrama the manager picked up the scattered coins and marched away." A twenty-dollar bill came back to me in a few moments and the play ended in orthodox fashion.

"But what do you think of that for meanness?"

"I'm speechless," said I. "Encore the oolong, please! I must steady my nerves!"

If I Were He, and He Were Me.

If I were only Santa Claus,
And Santa Claus was me,
I'd show to him just what a good
Old Santa I'd be.
I'd always bring the kind of toys
And story books for him;
I'd find his stocking ev'ry year,
And fill it to the brim.
This year I'd bring a book or so
On how we conquered Spain,
Or how a boy pursued his foe
Across the Klondyke plain.
And boxing gloves—and, say, I guess
A pistol would be fine

IF I WERE HE.

To Klondyke with. And then—oh, yes
A wheel for ninety-nine.
I'd bring a leather suit and hat—
The kind that cowboys wear.
Of bowie knives and things like that
He'd have a lot to spare.
I'd fill his stocking then with all
The candy it would hold,
And where the packages were small
I'd fill in round with gold.
And when they saw how good I was
How happy folks would be
If I were only Santa Claus
And Santa Claus was me.

Those Christmas "C. O. D's."

He was an active parcel boy.
From house to house he'd range,
And whatsoe'er your bill might be
He always "had the change."
But cruel, coarse and changeless boys
His efforts did deride,
Until, from utter loneliness,
The little fellow died!

IN SEARCH OF HIM

by ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"How odd!" she said absently. "I nearly remembered that name again. My memory must be coming back, I think."

"Let me trust it is," said Valdane rather nervously.

She leaned her chin upon her hand and looked thoughtful for a few moments then, raising her eyes—

"Mr. Martineau," she said, with a little sigh, "I should like all this business set on one side for a few weeks, please. Mr. Stelling is gone for his holiday—to Lord Umfraville's for the shooting."

"To Clarisdale?"

"Yes." She paused, and asked in some astonishment, "Do you know Lord Umfraville?"

"Well—a—yes; his wife was my cousin. I generally stay there every autumn."

"Indeed? Viscount Thornheath is a great friend of Mr. Stelling's."

"Ah, perhaps we shall meet! You wish then for me not to institute inquiries just yet?"

"Not just yet, please. I don't feel strong enough—not in quite good spirits enough to—" She checked herself bravely. Not for worlds would she have hinted, even to herself, that she thought Bernard might before all things have taken steps to ascertain whether or no she were free. But he had chosen instead to go to Clarisdale, and she was too loyal to murmur even to her own heart.

To Valdane it seemed like a respite.

"Will you let me have a line when you wish me to pursue this matter, then?" he asked, rising to take his leave.

"Yes; or Mr. Stelling will come to see you. May I keep this copy of the will?"

She was Lord Umfraville's only unmarried daughter and, being the youngest, had been spoilt and petted during infancy, neglected whilst her sisters went to their balls and receptions, and then suddenly found herself, on her mother's death, mistress of the house. It was a bad training, but the result was on the whole better than might have been expected. Lady Mildred was very charming and not at all arrogant, though she was rather selfish.

The Umfraville family was in a bad way, having the misfortune to possess property in Ireland. For the last few years the tendency of affairs had been down, down—hopelessly down. Lady Mildred knew that it was she who was expected to retrieve the family fortunes, and it was this fact which just now weighed upon her mind, for she had been so foolish as to fall in love with her mother's cousin, Valdane Martineau.

Valdane was what Lord Umfraville would have superciliously called an "impossible" person. So secure had he been of the "impossibility" of this young man that he invited him each year to Clarindale, feeling confident that no daughter of his would think of a young man who was a solicitor, and only moderately well off. He ignored the fact that the man had the manners of an aristocrat, the bearing of a perfect gentleman, the experience of a man of the world and the reputation of being irresistible. To Lady Mildred, alas, he was irresistible! She had succumbed to his influence before she knew it. Now it seemed as if she could not break free.

Accustomed as she was to admiration, she never doubted that he more than reciprocated this partiality. It had, therefore, been a decided surprise

"MR. STELLING, IT WAS VERY FOOLISH OF YOU TO LOSE ALL THE SPORT."

"Certainly, but please don't lose it." He lingered simply because he could not tear himself away, though he could see in every drooping movement that she was exhausted and unhappy, and wished to be alone.

He would have bartered all his prospects for the privilege of taking her in his arms and soothing her—of holding her to his heart, and telling her that henceforth nothing should ever grieve her. He held out his hand at last reluctantly.

"Is there nothing more that I can do for you?" he asked.

"No, there is nothing," she replied, shaking her head and smiling. "You are so kind, I don't know how to thank you sufficiently for your kindness."

It seemed a painful wrench when he loosed the little fingers from his own.

"By-the-by, Mr. Martineau"—she followed him to the door—"I left my—left my wedding ring on your table. I nearly forgot to mention it to you. Did you see it?"

"I did," he stammered. "It is quite safe—you shall have it; I have it safe," he reiterated in confusion; "but I can't give it to you now."

How could he, when it was hung from his neck by a slender cord?

CHAPTER IX.

It was a warm September day. Lady Mildred Ames lay out in the hammock under the shade of the spreading beech trees, and idly moved her large fan to and fro. Her brows were puckered into a frown, her large eyes were absently fixed upon the wide-spreading lawn which lay between her and the house. The white lines which marked the tennis-court seemed to quiver in the heat; the men were shooting, the chaperons lying down, the girls had driven to the home covers to take the sportsmen their lunch. Lady Mildred would not go; she said she had a headache, but the truth was she was suffering from a fit of ill-temper.

When Bernard arrived that evening, Lady Mildred received him alone. It was chilly and she had a fire kindled in the drawing-room. She sat on a very low chair, a red glow over her crimson draperies and golden hair.

She greeted the young man with a pretty mixture of cordiality and shyness. She made him sit opposite to her in a chair which was the ideal of comfort, and apologised prettily for the fact that none of the men were in yet, and all the girls were dressing. She gave him a cup of tea from a tiny table near, and insisted that he was hungry after his long journey, and must eat some tea-cake, which she lifted from the marble fender with a dainty pink handkerchief between her delicate hands and the hot porcelain. There was no light save from a branded cluster of wax candles on the tea table and the warm glow of the fire. The corners of the tastefully furnished room were in darkness.

Bernard began to realise what life might be, now that whatever he longed for was within his reach. In his house—the great house he meant to buy—he thought his drawing-room should be just like this. The man looked at Lady Mildred—at her perfect toilette, her delicate skin, the turn of her head, and thought how excellently she fitted in her surroundings.

She was beginning her work well. Only her motive was not to win Bernard, but to inflict pain on the recusant Valdane, when he should arrive.

CHAPTER X.

On this warm afternoon, as she lay in the hammock, she was thinking it all over and wondering where Valdane was, and what or who was keeping him from her. She was thinking, too, of the open admiration in Bernard's fine eyes the night before as he leaned over her piano.

No doubt he was handsome. She thought she could win him; would it not be madness—utter madness—to let him go for the sake of a man who had never in so many words told her that he loved her, and whom, if she married at all, she would have to marry without her father's consent?

A footstep brushed on the grass, Lady Mildred half rose. Bernard was there, looking admiringly down at her.

"Mr. Stelling! I thought you were shooting."

"I was, but when I found the picnic party had arrived without you, I gave them the slip, and meanly sneaked home through the woods, hoping to have the luck to discover your retreat. Fortune favors the brave, they say. I would not have missed a sight of you here for worlds!"

"Mr. Stelling! It was very foolish of you to lose all the sport."

"So long as you don't add that it's very impertinent of me to intrude I'm content! Your pose is really perfect. I used to be able to sketch a little. Would you lie still for ten minutes while I try my hand?"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all. Oh, you won't be so unmerciful as to move. Do let me have five minutes!" He had taken out a small book and leaning against the smooth trunk of a beech, was sketching rapidly.

"There! That fan fits in well—we will call the picture 'A Summer Day.' Keep your hand and arm still for a minute, please! Do I weary you?"

"No"—she was half laughing—"I am too comfortable. You can't have done anything in so short a time."

"Just enough for a remembrance," he said. "You keep so still. My sister and her friend, Miss Lilbourne, always fidget so dreadfully; I shall tell them to follow your good example."

(TO be continued.)

Castelar a Newspaper Man.

Cadiz Correspondence Chicago Record: The late ex-president of Spain, Emilio Castelar, was a newspaper man all his life, and after he had practically retired from political life his literary labors kept him alive in the esteem of his countrymen. Yet his conspicuous work as a journalist, no less than as man of affairs, was done during the third quarter of a century. In the '60s, when Castelar had become famous by his share in the meeting of the Seatro Real, where Gonzales Bravo, the master of oratory, marked him as the rising leader of the young democracy, he wrote his first article for El Tribuno. He dissolved his connection with that journal when it sought to brand him as a monarchist. La Soberania Nacional, on the other hand, he abandoned because it was too radical. Then he joined the staff of Discussion, resigning his position in 1864 to found the short-lived Democracia, which he published and edited for two years.

To Be Trusted.

"Don't you think the American masses can be trusted to think out problems for themselves and arrive at sensible conclusions?"

"There can't be any doubt of it," said the officeholder, "so far as the American masses in my own locality are concerned. They have been voting for me for years."—Washington Star.

Small But Strong.

Mr. North—You say you like spirited horses; what is your favorite breed?

Mr. South—Toe tell yo the truth, suh, a pony of brandy.

Luther said that if a man were not strong at twenty, handsome at thirty, learned at forty and rich at fifty, he never would be strong, handsome, learned or rich.